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The Collector

A Current Record of Art, Bibliography, Antiquarianism, Etc.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

Vol. III., No. 13.

May 1, 1892.

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454 West 24th St., New York City.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00.

FOREIGN, \$2.50.

AS THE WIND BLOWS

WE have a great many amateurs in this country of ours. We have amateur athletes and amateur photographers; we have amateur actors and amateur musicians; we have amateur billiard champions, bowlers, steeple chasers and what not else, to the end of the category. We have also amateur artists, of various grades of incompetency. So it is a pleasure to me to note for the passing hour an amateur in art whose works will in their time assume significance. This amateur is also an artist in a different field, by the way. He is the greatest comedian on the American stage, as well as the best amateur painter in America, as far as my current knowledge goes.

I met him in the corridor of Chickering Hall last month, coming out from an art sale. He had purchased a picture or two, of the kind which fetched his fancy. As we shook hands upon the stairs, a sense that he was no longer as young as he used to be struck me. Well, well, my Masters, none of us grow younger as the years roll round!

At any rate, Mr. Joseph Jefferson has lost none of his artistic fire upon the stage, and none of his artistic enthusiasm upon the canvas. Every new picture which he completes shows that he not only sustains his love for the art, but that he progresses in his mastery of it. At Knoedler & Co.'s the other day was seen one of his latest works. It is a canvas of considerable size, and represents a mountain brook, brawling in cascades over its rocky bed, through a forest. It is strong in color, of a rich tonality, vigorously drawn and broadly executed. The landscape is full of character and the movement of the turbulent water full of spirit. No one contemplating it could avoid the thought that if this amateur so observant of nature and so closely in sympathy with her, so clear of perception and skillful of hand, had devoted himself entirely to the easel he would have stood in the front rank of our art. Fortune would, probably, not have been so kind to him as she has shown herself in the art which his genius enriches, and his fame would not have had so wide a range. But there can be no question that Joseph Jefferson as a painter would have paralleled Joseph Jefferson as an actor, had he fostered the one gift as he has the other. It is quite natural that, with his acute artistic sympathies, Mr. Jefferson should be a collector of the first fire. As a matter of fact, he has gathered one of the finest collections of pictures, bric-à-brac and other art objects of its kind, in the country, while his library is especially rich in art books and artistic editions, and naturally, in souvenirs and treasures of dramatic literature and curiosity.

On another page of this paper will be found a fairly compendious description of the noble collection of the late E. C. Moore, of this city, which he devised to the Metropolitan Museum, where it will be at the public service in a few months' time. It should be remarked, in connection with this article, that this gifted and unselfish gentleman not only purchased these objects for purposes of personal study, but that every specimen that went into the collection, and every book that went into his library, was placed there with the intention of its being ultimately given to some industrial or art institution. Mr. Moore was one of the most systematic of men in regard to the disposition of his time, and thus had time for everything; so that, although to many he appeared to be a man of

leisure, in fact he had not a moment that was not engaged, and his time was all planned for in advance. It was due to Mr. Moore's genius, as a silversmith, that in March 1891, Messrs. Tiffany & Co. received a second communication from the Royal Society of England, stating that that profound body wished them to make an exhibition of their art and mixed metal works at the Royal Conversazione to be held on May 25th, 1891. Hereupon Messrs. Tiffany & Co. prepared an exhibit of their more interesting and remarkable pieces; and so highly was the Society pleased with the display, that Dr. W. Chandler Roberts Austen, metallurgist of the Royal Mint, prepared an elaborate illustrated article on this subject, which has appeared in the Christmas number of the *English Art Journal*. Among the pieces shown was the piece of vokume, or mixed metal work, already alluded to. This vase is at least ten times as large as any object of the kind ever made by the Japanese, and the loan of it was requested by the parties interested in the great Japanese Exhibition, held at Tokio in the summer of 1890.

A portion of the Knoedler gallery is just now occupied by a collection of Dutch art representative of Josef Israels, the late A. Mauve and James Maris, in a degree probably never reached here before. As a sort of embroidery to the collection are a number of those still-life pictures which Vollon paints as no one else can. Apart from its remarkably choice quality, and the interest which exists in the phase of art to which the Dutch part of the collection belongs, it is worth special note for the presentation it makes of James Maris, an artist of singular force who is altogether too little known in America.

James Maris is the eldest of three brothers, the others being Matthew and William by name, who, differing in important particulars, form a unique family group in the history of art. Born in 1837 at The Hague, he studied first at The Hague, then at the Academy in Antwerp, and subsequently in Paris, where he was a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He began to exhibit in his thirtieth year in the Salon, but latterly, I believe, has resided and painted in England. The general characteristics of the elder two of the three brothers differ considerably. The works of Matthew Maris are dreamily poetic. They are predated with a singularly solemn emotion, which impresses one as does the still seriousness of Dürer; but they differ from Dürer, and from every other master, in the weird grace of their figures, whose forms—half revealed and half concealed—haunt one like the dreams of the Mystics. James Maris, on the contrary, is not of the other world, but of this one. He has a Thoreau-like loving-kindness for aspects of nature which most painters miss. In one landscape at the Knoedler galleries he paints a turbulent cloud-rack, fluctuant and erratic, as it drives over the flatland, swollen with moisture, that will soon burst into a torrent of rain;—a sky such as one may see only in northern countries haunted by perpetual storms. Nothing could be more dramatic than this landscape, and yet the material of which it is composed is almost monotonous in its simplicity. In contemplating it one appreciates the close intellectual kinship between Constable and James Maris, yet the latter is in style entirely himself. There is perhaps no artist of our day of whom it might more truly be said that the mantle of the great master of landscapes painting had fallen upon him, and Knoedler & Co. are doing a good work in pressing him upon the attention of our collectors.

Mr. George Herbert McCord, an exhibition of whose pictures is now being made at the Knoedler Galleries, is an American artist who deserves well at the hands of our collectors. Mr. McCord was born in New York in 1840. He had some instruction from Professor Morse, while the inventor of the telegraph was still practicing as a painter; but he really owes his artistic development to his study of nature. He has wandered widely over the Western Continent, from Canada to Florida, and from New England to the far West, and wherever he has found his material his execution of it reveals a sharp eye for character and local color and a close observation of the substance of his subject. As early as 1868 he exhibited at the National Academy of Design, and in 1880 he was elected an Associate of that institution. His pictures were received with favor from the start by collectors interested in American art, who recognized in them a conscientious, and, to a certain extent, successful effort to perpetuate the characteristics of our national landscape. A couple of years ago Mr. McCord spent a summer abroad, I believe for the first time, and from England and Scotland he brought back a series of works which it is safe to say astonished even his most ardent admirers. His whole art had been broadened and strengthened by his trip, and while he preserved in it the best of the old, he revealed new sources of strength which he had never before shown.

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In the present exhibition at Knoedler & Co.'s he is represented by twelve works embodying a variety of subjects. The largest is an upright canvas showing the round tower of Windsor Castle from the river, with barges in the foreground and a golden sun dissipating the morning mists. The massive dignity of the architecture of the historic fortress is excellently conveyed. The color is mellow and transparent and the handling broad and strong. In another canvas he shows us the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, seen at evening, after the sun has dipped below the horizon. The skeleton of the great Elizabethian manor-house rears itself against a sky in which descending twilight commences to dim the after-glow. The wandering waters of the ancient moat make a ditch across the foreground. The scene is rendered with a poetic feeling which would have delighted Sir Walter Scott himself. In "A Showery Day on the Scotch Highlands" he gives us one of those characteristic Caledonian landscapes in which purple heather and green vegetation are enriched by constant humidity and made brilliant by gleams of light sifted through rifted rain clouds, which only those conversant with the scenery of upper Scotland can truly appreciate. In "The Tors of Ilfracombe," seen from Hillsborough, he gives us a misty sunrise in Devonshire, full of the sentiment of morning and the distinguishing characteristics of a South of England landscape. Quite in distinction to this admirable canvas is his "Over Stowey Pastures," a Somerset scene opulent in all the verdant splendor of an English summer, bathed in the brimming bowl of the Bristol Channel. Two American scenes, thoroughly impregnated with the atmosphere of the localities, show us "Nantucket Moors" at twilight, and "Sconset Moors" in the morning. In the former the advance of descending night is most subtly and poetically conveyed. In the latter we are given that mysterious lifting of the fog which follows the dawn, and in which it would appear that night still lingered, reluctant to abdicate its sombre sway. Other of Mr. McCord's works in these galleries are "Fishermen's Huts, Nantucket," "Winter Evening on the Delaware," "Low Tide, Bridgewater, England," "Summer Night, Long Island Sound," and "Mill on Nantucket Moor," each in itself a mark for praise.

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A new name, by the way, appears in the Knoedler Galleries, attached to a picture of the most charming gray morning on a French river possible to conceive. At the left, in the foreground, is a willow bank with rushes bordering the stream. At the right is the farther shore of the stream, and the prospect is closed in with the houses of a village and a low line of hills. Nothing could be more exquisitely tender than the crisp, cool, spring feeling of watery freshness which envelops this canvas like a real condensation of the vernal revivification of the year. The artist is R. Billotte, and his name is one which wise collectors will do well to watch.

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I learn from Chicago that the Frink system of lighting is being introduced at the two new galleries of Mr. James W. Ellsworth of that city. Mr. Ellsworth's fine collection will more than ever do credit to itself with the assistance of this admirable illuminating agency, and the arrangement of the pictures which will be possible in the new galleries. I notice that the Frink system is in use in the galleries of Mr. David C. Lyall, of Brooklyn; of Mr. Norton Q. Pope, of the same city; of Mr. W. H. Ogencamp, of Paterson,

N. J.; of Mr. Jas. A. Webb, of Madison, N. J., and of the Hon. George W. Lininger, of Omaha, Nebraska. I am certain that if our picture collectors could be thoroughly made aware of the possibilities of this light, it would be introduced in every art-loving household in America. It can be applied to the illumination of small rooms as well as of large galleries. It can be used also with an effect entirely unique in private or public libraries, and, in short, wherever a diffusion of light the most comprehensive and effective at the most moderate expenditure of the illuminating medium is desired. In all of my experiences of the great galleries of the world, and the great libraries of the world, I have met nothing to equal it in perfection of effect and simplicity of use.

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The exhibition of pictures in oil by J. Francis Murphy, at the Avery Galleries, last month, had a highly successful result. This was no more than the collection deserved. The group was a delightful one, although somewhat narrow in its range of subjects. But Mr. Murphy's muse does not wander at large. His sympathies are with certain phases of nature, and his strength lies in the sympathetic translation of them. He is essentially a poet of ripe midsummer and of mellow autumn, and no matter how successful he may be in other veins, we constantly return with pleasure to these, in which he is at his best.

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For straining at gnats and swallowing camels, the noble legislature of this State must go on record as the champion. After disgracing New York by the miserable appropriation of a couple of hundred thousand dollars for the World's Fair—with the string attached that our exhibit must be closed on Sundays—it proclaims itself a discredited even to descent from the original wild ass of Scripture by appropriating \$70,000 a year for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, providing the Museum be opened to the public two evenings a week and on Sunday. This great means of instruction and rational amusement will therefore be opened to the people on the only day on which the large majority of them can enjoy it, and this is as it should be. But what is it that makes Sunday a holiday in New York City and a holy-day in Chicago? I fancy that even the palm-itching up-country Legislators, and the most Calvinistic Sabbatarians in town could not logically differentiate on this distinction.

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The appropriation for the Metropolitan Museum comes none too soon. That of \$400,000 for the Museum of Natural History is equally just. But the Sunday liberty at one end of the line and the Sunday restriction at the other still require explanation to the untutored minds of that portion of the public which views matters in the merely matter-of-fact light of common sense.

* * *

A picture of unusual interest now in the galleries of Messrs. Reichard & Co. is the original composition by Toby Edward Rosenthal for his "Elaine," whose execution, upon a larger scale, afterwards proved the foundation of his popularity. The large picture, when I last saw it, was being shown about the country in the interest of the owner, who is a merchant in San Francisco. The history of this picture, its being exhibited in San Francisco, cut from the frame and stolen from the gallery and afterwards recovered, is one of the romantic episodes of our art. Some people have been ungenerous enough to suggest that the theft of the picture was a shrewdly contrived advertising scheme on the part of the painter. At any rate, it made "Elaine" famous, and leaving all extraneous matter aside, it is really a work of very great merit. In the small canvas in the Reichard Galleries, the artist shows the inception of his idea, and there are many qualities of free treatment in the smaller picture which are absent from the more pretentious work.

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I have often wondered how an artist of such genuine merit as Rosenthal should have sunk so completely out of sight in his own country. This is probably due to his long residence in Munich, where he has become more of a German than an American. He is still a young man, having been born in New Haven, Conn., in 1848, and though he had some instruction in art from an old Spanish portrait painter in San Francisco, whither his family removed while he was a child, he owes the most substantial portion of his art study to the Munich schools, where he was sent, I believe, by the liberality of a wealthy California lady, whose attention was attracted to his struggling talent. In Munich, after he completed his studies, under Raupp and Piloty, he set up his studio, and I do not think he has been in America again but once, some twenty years ago, when he spent a season here painting portraits. He painted the large "Elaine" in 1874, if I am not mistaken. His work since that

time has been absorbed either by wealthy California collectors like Mr. Irving M. Scott, who owns his "Constance de Beverly," which was exhibited with success at Knoedler & Co.'s some ten years ago, or by German collectors with whom his *genre* subjects, always embodying a story more or less humorous, are popular. Some of his pictures may even be found in public collections in Germany. I remember that there is one, and a very good one, in the Leipsic Museum, and the reproductions of others, by the Hanfstaengl house in Munich, have enjoyed a phenomenally extensive popularity.

An announcement of interest for print collectors is that R. C. Fisher is about to publish in London an exhaustive catalogue of engravings by Marc Antonio Raimundi and his school from the manuscript left by his father, Richard Fisher, a great collector of engravings.

Lovers of the beautiful and choice in Oriental ceramics will learn with interest that Mr. Thomas B. Clarke will open a new room in his Art House at 4 East 34th street, this month, intended for the special exhibition of cabinet collections of all varieties of old Chinese porcelains of beautiful form. The cases will be suitable in construction for drawing-rooms, and the examples placed upon the shelves will be authentic and flawless ones. A descriptive catalogue will be furnished with each collection. The cases will not be crowded, and the amateur who secures one can add from time to time, as he finds them, pieces fit to join the occupants. When standard pieces are thus grouped together the gathering of veritable things is much easier, as the collector has, the advantage of contrast and comparison to guide him. A modern piece of porcelain is easily distinguished in a cabinet of fine things. From China Mr. Clarke has recently received some extraordinary miniature vases, chosen by his resident representative in Tientsin, than which I really think I never saw anything more beautiful in the productions of the unique art of this wonderful race of artists.

Mr. de Morgan the other day showed me, in the Greek department of Mr. Clarke's museum, seven terra cotta vases, beautiful and intact, which have been added to the collection recently. Two notable groups have recently been placed in small temples. When the Metropolitan Museum opens in a few weeks, with the Greek treasures presented by the late E. C. Moore, students and collectors will show increased eagerness to investigate the realm of art which Mr. Clarke is investing in so heavily. Greek vases of unquestioned integrity are still to be obtained for modest sums, for Mr. Clarke's figures are fixed and reasonable; but the time is near at hand when popular recognition of their artistic preciousness will put their values up to the level of those of Oriental art. I do not think that anywhere in Europe to-day can such a collection of beautiful vases and figurines be found on sale as at the 34th street Art House. Fine individual examples may be found in the hands of dealers abroad, but such a collection of entirely fine examples of indubitable authenticity and integrity as these has not come to my knowledge.

Years ago, in California, I encountered one afternoon when I was tramping among the Contra Costa hills, a man who, with his net and boxes and pincers, was hunting bugs. He had the appearance of a jolly professor of some college. Having nothing else to do, I went to bug-hunting with him, and when the day died we found shelter and supper together in a ranche where the fleas reminded us of our pursuit of the day, and avenged the capture of their congeners all night long. I had no idea who my companion was. He gave me his name in exchange for mine, we told stories and swapped poetic recitations, to the great edification of the ranchman and his family—so much so, indeed, that the former would not permit us to compensate him for our entertainment when we departed among the morning fogs. From a hint or two that this worthy forty-niner dropped, I inferred that he believed we were actors who were footing it back to San Francisco after an unsuccessful tour.

As far as my new friend was concerned, our host was partly right. A few nights after, we parted in the bar of the Occidental Hotel, where I had my rooms. I happened in at a theatre and there saw my insect pursuing friend on the stage. He was, in brief, Henry Edwards, an artist since known for many years to Eastern theatre-goers as one of the all-too-few survivals of the great dramatic art of the past in this country. The best indication of his personal qualities is probably to be found in the fact that those who knew him always called him "Harry" Edwards. Indeed, although he was always a gentleman, with a quiet dignity about him that

even the most obtuse and impertinent could not fail to be impressed by, he was, in his personal associations, a man of rare geniality and warm heart. He wrote as well as he talked, and he was one of the best talkers I have ever known. In entomology he was one of the most learned men of his time, and had received recognition from the chief scientific authorities of the world. His entomological collection, peerless in its way, and his library bearing on it, are now the property of our Museum of Natural History, as I have noted in a previous issue of this paper. And now his books are being sold by Bangs & Co. They constituted a strong theatrical library, as I recall it—just such a library as an actor who was also a man of culture would form for his own benefit and pleasure. With their dispersal the last reminder of a worthy artist and man probably passes from the public eye and memory.

At a sale the other day at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms Mr. William B. Norman put up a little picture by Terburg, for which there was quite a fierce contest. One of the conspicuous contestants in the bidding was Mr. Henry T. Chapman, Jr., of Brooklyn, and I asked him, after the sale, why he had not pursued the fight and secured the picture, which was a bargain at the \$1,100 it brought. His reply may furnish an indication of how bidding will sometimes stop short at an auction without any apparent reason. "I saw," said Mr. Chapman, "that my opponent was bound to have the picture at any price. I could not afford to enter into such a battle of money; not that the picture was not worth fighting for, but that I did not carry guns enough to fight further for it. It was painful to me to miss it, especially as I am now strengthening my collection in the older masters as much as I can. If I could have added the Terburg to my Reynolds, my Pieter Von Bloemen, my Poussin, and my Claude Lorraine, nothing would have pleased me more—but one cannot always carry an unlimited purse into an auction room. Anyhow, even if I lose a prize like this, I am gratified to see that the taste for really good and genuine Old Masters has got into a healthy condition of revival. I have never swerved in my faith in them, any more than I did in my confidence in the men of 1830. Circumstances have justified me in one direction. Now they are justifying me in the other." Mr. Chapman's Claude Lorraine, I may add, is pronounced by many artists who have seen it to be the most important example of the progenitor of the great school of modern landscape in this country. It is now hanging in his beautiful home in Brooklyn. The fact that the Terburg brought such a fair price at the auction, although surrounded by indifferent things, the majority of which brought less than \$100 each, is flattering testimony to the judgment of Colonel Chapman in pitching upon the prize which he did not gain.

Mr. J. W. Bouton shows, among other novelties, some charming reproductions from François Boucher, in fac-simile colored plates by Felix Bellanger, entitled "Amours et Pastorals." A set comprises 16 beautiful studies, pastoral groups and cupids, and exquisite models for various motives of artistic decoration—or which would be equally delightful if framed in white and gold for my lady's most sacred boudoir.

The great Fromentin called "Audience chez un Calife," which was one of the jewels of the wonderful Van den Eynde collection in Brussels, arrived in this country last week. It had been sold by M. Durand-Ruel to an American collector, but was given a brief exhibition at the Fifth Avenue galleries of the house previous to its delivery to its owner. This picture has been, with justice, ranked as the artist's masterpiece and only time and space, with the printer's devil at the door, prevent me from going into the details concerning it which it deserves. This picture, it may be recalled, comes from the same collection as the grand Troyon "Pasturage in Normandy," and the peerless Decamps, "Job and His Friends," which were exhibited at the Durand-Ruel galleries in this city last year. The Van den Eynde collection, as I recall it was a small one, and I believe M. Durand-Ruel père secured it in toto when it became accessible for purchase.

The New York branch of the Berlin Photographic Company, at 14 East 23rd street, has issued an illustrated catalogue of the publications of the company in photography, photogravure, etc. The catalogue is rich in works of the old masters, and in the productions of the painters of our own time, and the arrangement of the contents is convenient for reference and explicit in descriptions. Collectors and art schools will find it of interest and profit to secure a copy of the catalogue. The Society has also, at its Madison Square art rooms, a collection of original paintings in oil which it offers for sale, the number including examples of the foremost of modern German artists.

It is a well-known fact that the great encouragers of native, as well as foreign art, in England, were and have for many generations been the merchant princes—the great manufacturers and the royal dispensers of the retail trade in London and other great cities of the kingdom. From Reynolds and Gainsborough to our own time, the majestic private collections of Great Britain which have absorbed the masterpieces of British art have been such as I designate. It is worth remarking on that the same class of citizens in this country were the first to give extensive substantial encouragement to American art, and that they are now among the most active in the perfecting of their collections.

In this city the retail dry-goods dealers, who have for several years been the most conspicuous purchasers of pictures in our auction sales, are now battling with each other for rarities in bric-à-brac. Several of them have already gathered fine collections of fine pieces. Those who have not seem determined to rival their predecessors. At the sale of the American Art Association collections some mystery enveloped the purchases of collectors who gave their names as "George" and "John," and a peculiar interest attached to a number of Christian names that kept popping up for the biggest bids on some of the finest pieces. As I happened to be present and to have some knowledge of the identities of the bidders I think I can safely state "George" was Mr. George A. Hearn, of the great firm in Fourteenth Street; that "John" was Mr. Isaac Stern of the great house in Twenty-third Street; and that the multiplicity of Christian names belonged to Mr. Benjamin Altman, who is steadily building up one of the most magnificent art collections in the country. Perhaps the greatest number of pieces in the porcelain lots was acquired by Mr. Hearn. But I noticed that Mr. Stern secured some of the choicest things from Japan and China.

By-the-by, while I am on the subject of our retail merchant princes investing in art, I may say that Mr. Hugh O'Neill still haunts the picture sales and rarely misses a picture which catches his fancy; Mr. Simpson, another of our Sixth Avenue trade magnates; Mr. Koch and several more, display the same acumen in picking up good paintings, and it may be said to their credit that the mere seduction of an attractive subject never induces them to buy a bad picture.

It is reported from Chicago that George de Haven, general passenger agent of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad, has undertaken, at the request of Chief Willard Smith, to make a historical collection of railroad tickets. He is hunting old and curious tickets, passes, time tables, etc., and has called upon all the general passenger agents in the country to help him. The collection is to be shown at the World's Fair, of course.

There is a curious class of collecting cranks all the world over who buy pictures because they are cheap. There is another class which buys pictures simply because they are old. Now that Henry Tenbroeck Gamage, the famous old hermit of the University Building in Washington Square, is dead, a contest of his will is promised, based on the value of his "old masters." Such a collection of rubbish as this senile and secretive eccentric assembled it would be difficult to duplicate. The only parallel to it that I can recall here was the "collection" of the old cellar hermit Löwenherz, whose death in abject misery showed that he was a picture miser and brought a notorious female fraud of this city into prominence. Löwenherz, by the way, had his burrow not far from Gamage's, on University Place. My genial friend Robert Fullerton, who has sold more old masters than any man in America, becomes almost cynical when any of the Old Curiosity Club-men interrogate him on the subject. "The only thing I guarantee" says he "is that I sell for cash and don't charge two prices. But I can guarantee my Spanish wine"—and then Robby commences to grind the organ in the big clock, and everyone adjoins to the back room and closes the door.

Fullerton, by the way, is a real character. He is one of those men who seem to have been born to keep curiosity shops. Years ago, when I was gold hunting in the back country of Caratal in Venezuela, he was a miner too. How he ever came to open a shop in New York remains for the fates to disclose. One day, on Third Avenue, I took some books from a ramshackle stand outside a dingy little shop, and when I went in to pay for them, lo! there was my old Cuban engineer and South American gold miner installed as a tradesman in curios. His business has expanded since then, as well as his family. He is at the active head of the Old Curiosity Club, an organization whose name does justice to its

membership. He deals in anything, from half-dime second-hand books to diamonds. His shop is choked with rarities and oddities of all kinds, and he can, on a winter night, cook you a beef-steak as no other man can. A big, bluff, easy-going man, with a good nature that never relaxes, there are no doubt superficial people in the world who might single him out for a jovial sort of fool in business. I can only say I am sorry for those who take this view of him. He is really as shrewd a business man as there is in New York. He is reasonable and he is just. His word is his bond, and he is neither greedy nor exacting in his charges. Such a man should certainly, belong to a curiosity shop in this town, either to sell or to be sold in it. Those who know him and his place know where to look for bargains. A window full of old watches and chronometers, bullseyes in copper and silver, levers in gold and a mammoth carriage watch, were the features of his shop last week. The large watch, Mr. Fullerton assures me, in his blandest and most convincing style, was once the property of a person of the name of Goliath, somewhat known in Scriptural history, and is to be presented by the Old Curiosity Club to the man who can induce the Hon. John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston, to go to sleep inside of three rounds.

The bronze entrance grilles for the residence of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, at Newport, which were designed by Richard M. Hunt, were last week put on exhibition at the works of John Williams, the bronze founder, 544 to 556 West Twenty-seventh Street. These grilles compose the doors and doorway to be set in the front wall of the famous "Marble House," which has been building for Mr. Vanderbilt for the last year or two, and is now approaching completion. The grilles are of dark bronze and forged steel. While part of the work was designed to be executed in wrought iron, no iron of sufficient fineness could be found, and a soft steel was substituted, which has taken the exquisite finish of a gun barrel, toned to a velvety black, very soft and lustrous. The height from the stone tread to the top of the metal work is 16 feet, and the breadth all over is 25 feet 4 inches from column to column. The gate itself swings 10 feet 8 inches high, opening 6 feet 1½ inches, giving a total opening of 12 feet three inches. The work is divided by solid bronze columns into four panels, two permanent on the outside, and the two next the centre forming the doors. The whole work has been made as carefully as a watch. The gates are hung so well that, notwithstanding their great weight, they can be pushed open easily with one hand, and when they are closed the crack between will admit the edge of a single leaf of writing paper but not a folded sheet. The weight of the whole thing is about ten tons. The work was started a little more than a year ago. The gates to the grounds of Theodore A. Havemeyer and also the front door of his residence in Madison Avenue are the most notable examples of American grille work heretofore to be seen in this city, but they are of rougher iron and cannot be compared with the work now waiting to be placed in Mr. Vanderbilt's house.

The design of the grilles owes its origin to Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the architect, who adapted it in part from separate details in the palace at Versailles. Right-angled upright bars form the framework for central metal work of great beauty and simplicity. Flowers and elaborate leaf-work are imposed upon the bronze and steel bars of the outer and inner grilles. The bronze front is of a uniform statue green, so dark as to carry the effect of black. The bronze ornaments upon the steel bars of the back grille are heavily plated with gold. The weight of each gate is about one and a half tons, and no hinges could properly carry it. The gates are therefore set upon pivots at the top and bottom, and the same method is employed in all the swings in the detail of the panels. The bronze flower and leaf-work is of the most elaborate and artistic quality. No model made of a soft material could be hollowed out sufficiently, without breaking; to give the effect of a long, curving frond, with leaf edges waved and turned in different directions. Therefore, for many of the more complicated designs, iron plates were driven and wrought by hand into the proper shape, and bronze castings made from them. In other cases the design was made in parts, each detail finished by itself, and the various parts afterward brazed together. By these means especially beautiful effects have been produced. Each large panel is to be glazed with a single sheet of plate glass of a pale amber color. The choice of stained glass instead of pure crystal was made in order to avoid the necessity of hanging any curtains against such a piece of metal work. In the centre of each gate is an oval opening about two feet long containing a monogram of the letters "W. V." in carved bars of metal. These correspond to those in the iron-work of Louis XIV's chapel at Versailles. In the centre of the side panels are copies of the original medallions at Versailles, containing a child's

head giving out sun rays, which typified the King's idea that all glory and radiance proceeded from his royal house, the child's head being a portrait of his son. Over each panel is a rectangular piece of metal-work elaborated in arabesques. Over the front of each gate is a lion's head. At each side of the panels, flanking the gates, fluted bronze columns rise from pediment to cornice. A garland of flowers is twined spirally about each column.

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The mechanical perfection of this magnificent structure reflects the crowning credit on the establishment of Mr. Williams, famous as it has long been for its production of the highest order of artistic work in metal.

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The sale of the collection of United States pattern and experimental coins, belonging to Mr. George D. Woodside, of Philadelphia, with the Canadian coins and medals of the late Mr. James Oliver, of this city, came off at Bangs & Co.'s on April 23d. The United States pattern coins went at much lower figures than ever before. The 1792 silver-centre cent, No. 1 of the catalogue, brought \$20; the 1792 disme, No. 2, \$23; the 1792 half disme, No. 3, \$20; the 1794 dollar, without stars, 5, \$12; the 1814 half dollar, 11, \$21; the 1827 quarter-dollar, 13, \$10.25. This was a copper proof, of which only three are known, for which Mr. Woodside once refused \$50. The 1836 dollar, No. 15 in the catalogue, fetched \$30.50; No. 16, a copper proof of the same, brought \$10, and a liberty cap dollar of the same year, in gold, \$6; the 1849 double eagle a brass stamp, gold plated and unique, brought \$55; the 1852 ring dollar, \$6 and the undated ring half-dollar, No. 56, \$6.25. The unique proof set of a dollar, half-dollar and quarter of 1863, No. 129, brought \$20.50 apiece for three pieces; and the 1868 eagle, a proof in gold, No. 218, \$25. The very rare 1870 dollar, No. 252, commanded \$8.75; the 1871 commercial dollar, No. 278, \$20.25; the 1872 \$1, 50 c. and 25 c. pieces, \$10.25; the commercial dollar of the same year, No. 290, \$19.50; the 1873 trade dollar, 296, \$11; the 1874 twenty-cent piece, 301, \$9.75. The centennial dollars in copper, which have sold as high as \$50, brought only \$8 apiece; the 1879 dollar, No. 356, \$14; the 1880 dime, No. 371, a gold proof, \$30.

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The Montreal penny, 1839 fetched \$31 and the half-penny of the same date, \$10.75. The Canada medals sold at excellent figures, nearly all to Prof. Ed. Frossard, on important orders from Canada and elsewhere. The Louisburg medal, 1758, brought \$5.10; the bronze Admiral Boscawen, Cape Breton medal, \$4.85; another in silver, \$4.10; the George II medal, 1759, \$2.30; the Montreal, \$74; the George III silver Indian medal, \$36; and another \$37.50; the Upper Canada preserved, No. 554, \$16; the next of the same subject \$48; a St. Patrick's total abstinence medal, of Montreal, 1841, \$7; and medals of the Montreal Artillery, 1861, the New Brunswick Militia Volunteers, 1862 and the New Brunswick Provincial Rifle Association 1872, went for \$11.25, \$11.50 and \$11 respectively.

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A very interesting feature of the sale was provided by a small collection of theatrical tokens and medals ranging from the Cromwell Garden pewter piece, 1658, at \$6, to medals and tokens of Edwin Forrest, Tom Thumb, the Florences, Tony Pastor and Mlle. Rhea. Some prices were: Charles II upper gallery, Theatre Royal token, \$2.40; Drury Lane, first gallery piece and pit piece, 1776, \$2.35 each; others of the New Theatre, Covent Garden, 1809, \$2.30 each. Pantheon tokens, 1799-1802, in copper and brass 40 c. each, and so on.

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Twenty-five years ago or more, Mr. Augustin Daly began to collect plates on Biblical subjects. Mezzotints and full-line engravings after the old masters, original works by Dürer and others, soon accumulated, so that he had to have special cabinets built to hold them. His interest in the work grew as years went on, and he had got together, besides the best obtainable copies of all easily accessible works, many extremely rare prints, and some autographs, such as a letter of Pius IX on a Biblical subject and other manuscripts of high ecclesiastical authority. He scoured America and sought all over Europe for unique prints. He found in England an original drawing by Raphael bearing the stamp, also, of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His collection at last became unique, and may fairly be called complete. It is a collection that comprises a history of Scriptural art. All the masterworks are there; all the Madonnas, for instance, of every age and every school of art. Using a rare copy of the Douai Bible as the text, Mr. Daly, with the invaluable services of Mr. Toedteberg and other artists in the craft of the immortal Granger, has produced the most remarkable Bible ever seen. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, bound in morocco and

vellum, and occupies a bookcase newly built to accommodate it in that remarkable library which few, even among bibliophiles, know. It is now in company with Mr. Daly's remarkable collection of first editions, in English and French, and his unique collection of dramatic works, which includes the four original Shakespeare folios, enlarged editions of all the famous theatrical histories and biographies, and every rare work of theatrical interest.

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Book-lovers will learn with interest that Dodd, Mead & Co. have just sent out their Catalogue No. 29, to which they give the title "Gems from the Collection of Rare and Choice Books." It is a handsomely printed volume of 121 pages from the De Vinne Press. The first title is the first folio edition of Shakespeare, beautifully bound by Bedford, for which the sum of \$6,000 is asked. Following it come one, two, three, five, fifteen and twenty-five hundred-dollar books. Among the books are the Kilmarnock Burns, first editions of modern authors, and the Tennysonian "Poems by Two Brothers." The assertion is made that this collection "is the finest for its size ever offered at any time by any bookseller in America," and this is probably true. The clearance sale of the house, previous to its removal further uptown where it should have established itself long ago, is said to have been, considering the deadly dulness of the season, a remarkable success.

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The Club of Odd Volumes in Boston has been making an exhibition at its rooms, 5 Somerset street. It consisted of a collection of mezzotint portraits. There are a number of interesting pictures of David Garrick, in various characters, of the generals who fought for and against American independence, and the different English Georges, Admiral Boscawen. Paul Jones in the act of shooting a sailor who attempted to strike his colors during an engagement, Voltaire, John Wilkes, Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, and Benjamin Franklin were other notables whose counterfeit presentations lent interest to the display.

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Collectors of the works of or material relating to Theophile Gautier will find much matter to interest them in the latest catalogue of M. Georges Brunox, of the Librairie du Bibliophile, 7 Rue Guene-gand, Paris; so, too, will collectors of affiches, for the catalogue enumerates 125 posters by Cheret, Grasset, Choubrac, Mossa, Perea, Willette, and a number of English pieces in this line. It shows, also, a strong list of etchings by Felicien Rops, and a unique copy of La Fontaine "Contes et Nouvelles," bound by Simier, and with the full set of rejected and extra plates. To any of my readers who are interested in the best class of French bookmaking, I would recommend these catalogues of Le Bibliophile Parisien. They are full of bargains, and as there is no duty on French books, orders may be sent to M. Brunox and filled by mail or express for American collectors without the annoyance of dealing with our miserable Custom House. The prices marked in his catalogues are, in all cases, not only very reasonable, but generally largely in discount of the original prices of the works indicated.

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A very interesting and important work in the bibliographical field is "The Philadelphia Magazines and Their Contributors, 1741-1850." It is the most complete contribution that has yet been made to the history of the literature of Philadelphia. It begins with the publication of the first magazines in America, at a time when Philadelphia led all the cities of the country in art and literature, and carries on the story to the appearance of Graham's and Godey's and Peterson's and Sartain's important periodicals. The history is of literary importance, as nearly every conspicuous man of letters in America was at some time associated with the Philadelphia journals. Benjamin Franklin, Dr. William Smith, Thomas Paine, H. H. Brackenridge, Philip Freneau, Matthew Carey, A. J. Dallas, and William Cobbett were Philadelphia editors in the eighteenth century; and Washington Irving, James Russell Lowell, Edgar Allen Poe and John Greenleaf Whittier among those of the nineteenth century. Joseph Dennie and Charles Brockden Brown, the first professional men of letters in America, were editors of Philadelphia periodicals. Hawthorne and Longfellow, Cooper and Bryant, gave their best work to these magazines. Professor Smyth is himself a Philadelphia editor, having been one of the founders and editor of *Shakespeareana*, the first magazine devoted to the study of a single author. He is also the author of a history of American literature and has been highly commended by Lowell, Whittier, Dr. Holmes, George William Curtis and Donald Grant Mitchell. In the progress of the work, the author has had the advantage of the personal aid of such editors of fifty years ago as George R. Graham, Dr. Thomas Dunn English and Mr. John Sartain. The book is a neat 12mo of two hundred pages, and is published by Robert M. Lindsay, of Philadelphia.

The Librarie des Amateurs announces an edition of "La Mouche" of Alfred de Musset, with etchings by Ad. Lalauze, to be issued by subscription. The illustrations are to consist of six full-page plates, two portraits, subjects in the text and head and tail pieces, and the book, which is the most charming of de Mussets stories, will have an introduction by Philippe Gille. There will be a vellum paper edition limited to 300; a large paper vellum, with the plates in two states, of 90 copies and one of 60 copies, with double states of the plates, on Japan paper, etc. The book forms a handsome octavo, and bears the imprint of A. Ferroud, 192 Boulevard, St. Germain, Paris. Duprat & Co. are the New York agents.

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The English have the reputation of being the champion mountain climbers of the world. This may account for the ever-growing demand for Alpine literature in England. One London bookseller, Hutt, of 3 Hyde St., makes a special feature of this class of works in his catalogues. The one recently issued lists between fifty and a hundred, ranging from pamphlets at a couple of shillings to costly books up among the guineas. There is not much collecting of Alpine literature in America I imagine. By one of those inexplicable paradoxes which will occur in life, the most extensive library of books and pictures on the subject which I know in this city, belongs to a gentleman who has been so badly crippled from boyhood that he makes all his journeys of the world in a wheeled chair around his library.

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A recent publication of interest to collectors is "China Collecting in America," by Alice Morse Earle. It is a square 8vo, with 75 illustrations. Mrs. Earle, who has been a china-hunter for years, writes with the authority of an expert and the ardor of an enthusiast. Each branch of the subject is treated with the light touch and the quiet humor of which Mrs. Earle possesses the secret. The book is issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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Harper & Bros. announce a new edition of "Literary Landmarks of London," by Laurence Hutton, illustrated with over 70 portraits in a post 8vo volume in ornamental cloth. The recent success of Mr. Hutton's book on Edinburgh in the same vein, would justify his revival of his previous volume. The extra illustrator ought to be able to get a great deal of pleasure out of it. Another volume by the same house which could be built up with pictures is "The Wagnerian Drama. Studies in the Wagnerian Drama." By Henry Edward Krehbiel, the well-known musical critic of *The Tribune* of this city. It is also a post octavo, capable of lavish embellishment with portraits and views.

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Speaking of extra-illustrating books, a subscriber to this paper has made a very interesting job of it in a set of the "Franklin Square Song Collection," begun by the Harpers some years ago, and now in its eighth series. He has built this book up with old title-pages of the ballads introduced, many of them pictorial, old editions of hymns and ballads from sheets, and portraits of authors and composers. It is really astonishing to note how extensive and varied a record he has made of this simple though excellently compiled popular work, and to see how much can be made in its way out of such a subject. His seven octavo volumes, for he has only begun on No. 8, have been expanded into fifteen large quartos, and by the time he has finished them they will merit a place of honor in any library of ana and relics.

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The collection of book plates is becoming more and more extended. Quite naturally, a taste for the book plate itself is reviving also, and the couple of designers in this city who are most popular in the ornamental and symbolical lines of the art are rarely without a commission on hand the year round. There are book-plates and book-plates, as we all know, and the best are those which afford an index to the taste and fancy of the collectors for whom they are made. Merely heraldic or monogram designs are of comparatively little interest. It is where the elements of invention and suggestion intervene that an ex-libris rises to the true artistic level, and in this our collectors have learned good lessons from the past.

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There is a subscriber to THE COLLECTOR who gathers old locks and keys, and another who collects hinges and door-knobs; while another still goes in for nothing but door-plates. One of the most extraordinary fancies I know of is that of a gentlemen who collects tea-boxes, for the prints on them; and an extremely quaint and curious collection is that of another subscriber who has made a collection of scissors and shears, some of them dating back in origin a couple of centuries.

SIMPLY DISGRACEFUL

FIVE cash prizes are offered annually at the exhibition of the Academy of Design. Two of these, the Thomas B. Clarke prize of \$300 for the best figure composition, and the Norman W. Dodge prize of a like amount for the best picture painted by a woman, are, by the terms of their donors, awarded by a committee of three Academicians and two Associates of the academy. The three Julius Hallgarten prizes of \$300, \$200, and \$100 respectively, for the best pictures in oils by Americans under 35 years of age, are awarded by a vote of the exhibitors of the season, provided that at least fifty votes are cast, and that the successful painting receive not less than one-third of all the votes cast.

The Clarke and Dodge prizes were awarded last month, but there was not a quorum of the exhibitors present to vote upon the Hallgarten prizes, and they were passed again, as they were in 1891 and in 1890. There appears to be small interest in them, and some of the older painters are frankly opposed to their bestowal, on the ground that it is not possible for any two persons to agree that this painting or that is in all things the "best."

The Clarke prize was awarded to William St. John Harper for the painting "Autumn," No. 430, which is owned by Mr. W. T. Evans. It is a poetic fancy in reddish browns and represents a young woman in flowing draperies standing among the low branches of a tree, while falling leaves and an autumnal haze fill the air. The Dodge prize was won by Miss Elizabeth R. Coffin for her painting, "Hanging the Nets," No. 117, a dark interior in which fishermen are represented in their shirt sleeves at their work. In the award of the Clarke prize, at least, the committee might have done much better.

This third failure in the award of the Hallgarten prizes is a disgrace upon every exhibitor at the Academy who failed to do his or her duty in the premises. A more miserable exhibition of petty jealousy, and the meanest form of professional envy could not possibly be made.

RAPHAEL MORGHEN'S WORKS

Editor THE COLLECTOR:

I fear some one has been playing an April trick on the correspondent who, in your issue of the 15th inst., gravely retails what some wag has palmed off on him in regard to Raphael Morghen's engraving of "The Transfiguration."

It doubtless amused a good many to read that this was the last work of Italy's greatest engraver, and that, like its great original by Raffaele Sanzio, it was left unfinished at his death.

When April is over it may be that you would like to put before your readers an account that they can readily verify in any reference library.

Morghen was born in 1761 and died in 1833. In 1796 he began an engraving of "The Transfiguration" from a drawing by Antonio dell' Era. After seeing the original in Rome in the following year, he was so dissatisfied with Dell' Era's drawing that he abandoned the plate altogether. It was afterwards finished by his brother Antonio, and impressions are frequently seen in the print-shops bearing the names of both brothers as engravers.

Morghen took up the subject again in 1801, this time working from a drawing by Stefano Tofanelli. Various interruptions occurred, and the plate was not completed till 1811. In the remaining twenty-two years of his life Morghen engraved no less than forty-six plates. The last one undertaken was a Madonna, after Sassoferrato. It was finished after his death by his pupil Biondi.

The total number of plates engraved by Raphael Morghen was one hundred and eighty-two.

APRIL 21, 1892.

WILLIAM MACBETH.

At a large sale of pictures in London a small but beautiful "A Spanish Volunteer," of John Phillip, brought £766 10s., the same price that was paid a few weeks ago for the "Acqua Bendita," a much finer work by the same master. "The Thames," by Vicat Cole, brought £724 10s., while the "Richmond Yorkshire," of T. Creswick, fetched £1,312 10s. A replica of W. P. Frith's "Claude Duval" sold for £630. No less than ten of J. C. Hook's canvases were offered, and all sold well, the highest prices being given for "The Mackerel Take, Brittany," £903; "Yo Heave Ho," £1,491; "Fish from the Dogger Bank," £745 10s., and the famous "Wily Angler," which was knocked down after fierce competition for 1,700 guineas. "The Begesteen Bazar, Cairo," of J. F. Lewis, fetched £1,144 10s., while "The Timber Wagon," a masterpiece of the middle period of J. Linnell, Sr., brought £3,255. A replica of Mr. Long's "Diana or Christ" sold for £3,625, and "The Sound of Many Waters," one of the best of Sir J. E. Millais's Scottish pictures, for £3,045. The star picture of the collection was Turner's "Modern Italy," which was knocked down for £5,460, a higher price than was ever obtained for it before. The "Landais Peasants" of Rosa Bonheur sold for £1,627 10s., and "Changing Pastures," by the same artist, for £3,150. One little Meissonier, "Regnard in His Studio," brought £1,890.